

The Hasty *BRIDEGROOM*.

Or, The rarest Sport that ever was try'd, Between a Bridegroom and his Bride :
With the Bride's loving Reply.

Come from the temple away to the bed,
As the merchants transport home treasure ;
Be not so coy lady, since we are wed,
'Tis no sin for to taste of the pleasure ;
Then come let us be, blithe, merry, and free,
Upon my life all the waiters are gone,
And 'tis so, that they know, where you go, say not No,
For I mean to make bold with my own.

What is it to me, tho' our hands joined be,
If our bodies be still kept asunder ?
Shall it be said, there goes a marry'd maid ?
Indeed we will have no such wonder :
Therefore let's embrace, there's none eses thy face,
The bride-maids that waited are gone,
None can spy how you lie, ne'er deny, but say Ay ;
For I mean to make bold with my own.

Then come let us kiss, and taste of this bliss,
Which brave lords and ladies enjoy'd ;
If maidens should be of the humour of thee,
Generations will soon be destroy'd :
Were it not for these joys, the girls and the boys
Would live in the world all alone ;
Don't destroy, but enjoy, seem not coy for a toy,
For indeed I'll make bold with my own.

Sweet love do not frown, but pull off your gown,
'Tis a garment unfit for the night ;
Some say that black hath a relishing smack,
I had rather be dealing in white ;

Then be not afraid, for you are not betray'd,
Since we are together alone ;
I invite you this night, to do right, my delight,
'Tis forthwith to make bold with my own.

Prythee begin, don't delay, but unpia,
For my humour I cannot prevent it ;
You are strait lac'd, and your gorget's so fast,
Undo it, or strait I will rent it ;
Or to end the strife, I'll cut it with my knife,
'Tis too long for to stay till 'tis undone ;
Let thy waist be unlac'd, and in haste be embrac'd,
For I long to make bold with my own.

Feel with your hand, how you make me to stand
Even ready to starve in the cold :
Oh ! why shouldst thou be so hard-hearted to me,
That loves thee much better than gold ;
And as thou hast been like Venus the Queen,
Most pleasant in thy parts every one,
Let me find that thy mind, is inclin'd to be kind,
So that I may make bold with my own.

As thou art more sweet than the air,
That dallies on July's sweet roses,
Now let me be, to that garden a key,
That the flowers of virgins encloses :
And I will not be too rough unto thee,
For my nature to mildness is prone,
Do no less than undress, and unlace apace,
For this night I'll make bold with my own.

When I have found thee temperate and found,
Thy breast I will make for my pillow ;
'Tis pity that we, who married be,
Should be forc'd to wear the green willow ;
We shall be blest, and live sweetly at rest,
Now we two are united in one ;
With content and consent, I am bent, my intent
Is this night to make bold with my own.

The Lady's loving Reply.

Welcome dear love, all the powers above
Are pleased at our happy meeting ;
The heavens have decreed, and the earth is agreed
That I should enjoy my own sweeting,
At bed and at board, both in deed and in word
My affection to thee shall be shown,
Thou art mine, I am thine, let us join and combine,
I'll not bar thee from what is thy own.

Our bride-bed is made, thou shalt be my comrade
To lodge in my arms all the night,
Where thou shalt enjoy, being free from annoy,
All the sports in which love takes delight ;
Our mirth shall be crown'd, and our triumph renown'd,
Then sweetheart let valour be shewn,
Take thy fill, do thy will, use thy skill, welcome still,
Why shouldst thou not make bold with thy own,

The bridegroom and bride, with much joy on each side,
Then together to-bed they did go,
But what they did there, I did not see or hear,
Nor do I desire to know ;
But by Cupid's aid, they being well laid,
They made sport by themselves all alone ;
Being plac'd and unlac'd, he squee'zd, she embrac'd,
Then he sweetly made bold with his own.

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